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Turn'd all its blood to poison ! I have thought  
Of thee, and I am calm : thy trees arose,  
Brightening before mine eye : the pleasantness  
That slumbers in thy vallies—the soft hues  
That bathe thy sunny hills—all met my soul :  
And, lovelier far than Nature's outward forms,  
The spirit of domestic happiness :  
The voice of her I lov'd was in my ear.  
She smil'd serenity, and I was calm.  
Even now I am no more the man I was  
When first I sat to meditate this song ;  
For then the harsh rebuke, the bitter taunt,  
(Most harsh when issuing from Friendship's lips)  
Still vex'd the ear, and sicken'd all the soul.  
Haunts of my childhood ! now I think on you,  
And thoughts and feelings gush along my heart  
Sweet as the music of my native stream !—  
Feelings more holy never with the breeze  
Of evening stole into the spirit of him  
Who plies his bark on Uri's lonely lake,  
And meditates on TELL—the while he sees,  
Darkening, the wave beneath the fane which speaks  
The patriot's triumph, and his country's love :  
The tear is on his cheek—his heart is full—  
A brighter tinge hath lit his streaming eye,  
With gentler sweep he draws the gliding oar,  
Fearful to break those shadows on the wave  
Which wake such deep, such sacred sympathies !—

Haunts of my childhood, are ye still as fair  
As when I wander'd thro' each green recess ?  
Still does the soft breeze with his idle breath  
Stirring at once a thousand twinkling leaves  
Utter neglected music ? Does the cloud,  
In whose dark womb the noon-day sun is hid,  
Whose folds are lightly covered with his beams,  
Still hang as lovely in the silent sky ?  
Is nature still the same, altho' no more  
An eye is there, to hold deep intercourse,  
With all her forms, altho' no heart is there  
To feel her power, and hymn her holiness ?  
Oft have I thought some bond of mighty strength  
Had linked me in a strange identity  
With outward accidents of nature—oft  
Methought some spell of more than human force  
Had lull'd to rest my individual self,  
And that one soul inspired the scenes around,  
The spacious sky, the universal air,  
And him who gazed in rapture on the sight !  
And now in crowded city, oh ! how strange,  
How impious does this separation seem,  
From all I wish and love—even from myself !  
Yet have I oft-times held communion high  
And holy with the absent scenery  
That pleased me : oft with spirit most intense  
I brooded, till within the silent soul  
Was heard the flow of waters, and the stir  
Of summer leaves—till every form I lov'd  
Was with me—till I ceased to be alone.  
Dear are such visions to the thinking soul,  
And like in love as in their nature like  
To those fair forms, that, having past from earth,  
Return at twilight, and the musing man,  
Before whose eyes they move, conceives their looks  
Chasten'd, refin'd, and purified by Death !

Spirits, that oft on light and dewy wing  
Hover'd around the cradle of my childhood,  
Touching the dreaming infant's cheek with smiles,  
And, in the hours of my advancing age,  
Have, with such music as the unseen lark  
Oft sends into the morning traveller's soul,  
Pour'd strains of more than earthly melody  
In calm and awful accents to the heart,  
Breathing along those inward chords that thrill  
With unbid impulse to the Poet's lay ;  
Spirits, ye have not yet deserted me ;  
Ye have not left me, darkly wandering,  
Companionless, unguided, in a world  
I cannot mingle with ! Conflicting men  
May rudely throw me from their noisy converse,  
Or stretch the hand of seeming brotherhood,  
And mock me with their love.

Haunts of my youth,  
YE will not mock me ! and YE cannot change.

## VALOUR AND CONSTANCY.

Upwards of twenty years since, when the British arms were actively engaged in a foreign country, there lived in the north of Ireland a poor farmer, called Walter O'Brien, who possessed a neat cottage and a few acres of land, on which he daily laboured for the support of his family. O'Brien had, in his early days, felt the strokes of adversity ; for, being bequeathed a considerable property from a distant relative, after having enjoyed it for some years, he was engaged in a law-suit, which, although it terminated in his favour, so drained his purse, that he was obliged to dispose of the greater part of his land, and retire to the humble cottage in which we now find him—carrying with him a wife, his only child, Alick, a boy of six years old, and Mary M'Carter, the orphan child of a neighbouring farmer, whom, deprived of both parents in extreme youth, he had adopted in his prosperity, and now treated always as his own. His wife did not long survive her change of fortune ; she died a short time after their removal to the cottage, after giving birth to an infant boy. At the period in which our narrative commences, Alick was a fine manly lad of nineteen—Mary, a most beautiful and interesting creature, two years younger—and little Willie had just completed his tenth year.

It was about the middle of June, and Alick had gone to a distant fair to dispose of some cattle ; he had been absent for three days, which was much longer than his wonted time, and was anxiously expected by the inmates of the cottage. Mary had paced the garden all day, straining her eyes along the road, and was now returning in despair to the house, when she saw Alick's favourite little dog running down the hill, followed by his master. She ran joyfully to the gate, and after welcoming her dear brother (as she always called him), gently chided him for his unusual delay. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that a strong attachment subsisted between this youthful pair. When children, Mary was always Alick's little wife, and they now looked forward to the consummation of their happiness. But Alick had of late begun to feel the difficulties of his situation. His father's farm was very small ; and he could neither bear the idea of being a burden to him, or of marrying his beloved Mary, without a home to take her to. The lovers entered the cottage together, and Alick was warmly received by the old man, who was just returned from his daily labour, attended by little Willie.

After he had taken some refreshment, his father questioned him about his success at the fair, and the cause of his delay. He briefly told his story : the fair was badly attended, and he had found great difficulty in disposing of his cattle. " But I am going to leave you, father," said he, his eyes filling with tears. " I am going into the service of my country ; and maybe it may be God's will that I should come home, with some means of supporting you in your old age."

" And where are you going, my own boy ?" said Walter. " Sure you would not leave your poor old father and little Mary, whom you are to marry so soon."

" Father, I am listed," said Alick. " I could not bear to be any longer a burden to you ; you are yourself more than sufficient to labour the little land we have left ; and here is Willie, old enough to take my place. As for Mary, how can I ask her to marry me, till I have some way to support her ? Sure, you would not have me to rear up a family to devour my poor father's substance ? The sergeant tells me, if I conduct myself well, when the regiment comes home, I will get a pension for life ; but, father, he told me more than this—he said it was a shame to see a stout boy, like me, staying idle at home, while my countrymen were fighting so many bloody battles. He said, I owed it to my country to go ; and, dear father, with God's blessing, and your's, I will pay the debt. Mr. Elliott was at the fair, and pledged himself I would be with the sergeant before night to-morrow."

The old man tenderly embraced his son, and sobbing over him, exclaimed, " My child ! my child !—it is now done—you are pledged, and must go. We will miss you sorely ; but, perhaps, it may please the Lord to bring you home safe, to close the eyes of your poor old father. But remember, Alick, you are an Irishman ; and, although it

would be a sore blow to me if any evil happened to you. I would rather hear of you dying in battle, in the service of your country, than see you return laden with gold, after turning your back on that country's foes."

"With God's blessing," said Alick, "I shall never disgrace my country; and if it be his will that I should fall, I shall, at least, die in my duty."

"Oh! no! no!" exclaimed Mary, who, during the conversation, sat, pale and motionless, in a corner of the room. "Oh, no! dear Alick, you must not go."

"Dearest Mary, do not thus distress me," said Alick. My duty calls me for a short time, and I shall soon return to claim my wife."

Poor Mary sobbed bitterly, and quitted the apartment. Alick joined his father in making some arrangements previous to his departure, and then went in quest of Mary. He found her in the garden, sitting on a rustic seat, in which they had often learned their tasks together in happier days. He explained to her the necessity for his departure; and after exchanging mutual pledges of inviolable constancy, they returned to the cottage, and each retired to rest.

At an early hour, the following morning, they all sat down to a meal, which each partook of in silence. It was now time for Alick's departure; and having packed his little bundle on his back, and taken an affectionate leave of the disconsolate Mary, and his little brother, he set out, accompanied by his father, who insisted on walking with him to the town of —, where he joined the other recruits.

The poor man returned late in the evening, bringing with him Mr. Elliot, land-steward of Lord —, from whom Walter rented his little farm. Elliot had been always an occasional visitor at the cottage, and a great admirer of Mary, by whom he was greatly disliked. He was of a haughty, imperious disposition; but, being the person who collected the rents on that portion of his master's estates, he exacted great respect from the poor cottagers.

"And so your brother is gone to the wars, Mary," said he, as he entered the cottage. "And when do you think he will return?"

"You ought to know that better than me, Sir," was the reply.

"Why, I see no chance of an end to this war," said Elliot; "and I think he cannot come back before twenty years, or so." (Mary sighed.) "But I suppose you will soon be getting married now, Miss Mary," said her tormentor.

"By your own account there is but little prospect of that," replied Mary, "for twenty years, or so."

"I said, Alick would not be home for that time; but surely you do not intend waiting for him to be present at your nuptials?"

"She and Alick are engaged to be married to each other for many years," said the old man, interrupting him; "and I trust he may be spared for her sake, as well as mine, as if any thing happened him it would break her heart."

Elliot professed total ignorance, although he well knew of the attachment subsisting between them; and having long determined on making Mary his own wife, he had meditated some plan of getting rid of his rival. At length he formed one. Knowing that Alick was gone to the fair, he also repaired thither, and persuaded the recruiting sergeant to use every art to engage Alick in his service. We have already seen how he succeeded; and the very day his first victim was embarked for a foreign land, he began to practise his wiles on the unfortunate Mary.

Several weeks had now passed, and the inmates of the cottage by degrees became more reconciled to their loss. Willie was able to assist his father in cultivating the farm, and attended the neighbouring markets. But months rolled on, and they now began to be uneasy at not hearing from Alick, when one evening Elliot entered the cottage, apparently in deep affliction. "Oh! my friends," said he, I am sorry to be the bearer of such sad news."

"He is killed! he is killed!" exclaimed Mary, and sunk lifeless on the floor.

Elliot assisted Willie in restoring the unfortunate girl, and then resumed his seat beside her father.

"Oh! tell me true," said the poor man, "is my Alick dead?"

"Alas! it is but too true," said Elliot. "I had, this morning, a letter from a servant of my master, and he mentioned that he had been killed in the first battle he was engaged in."

"Oh! my darling boy," sobbed the poor old man, and he wrung his hands in an agony of grief.

Mary was carried to bed, and remained in a state of insensibility. In the morning, Elliot brought a medical person to see her, and she was pronounced in a high fever.

Poor Walter suppressed his own grief, and gave all his attention to the unhappy girl, who, after lingering in a dangerous state for upwards of three months, began gradually to recover. But more misery was yet in store for them. She was scarcely able to walk a little in the garden, when Willie, who had been unremitting in his care of her, was seized with the fever, and died after a few weeks' illness. Walter was now reduced to the lowest ebb of grief and despair; he had to lament his two darling boys, and had no prospect of any means of support for the future. He felt his own days were nearly ended; but he could not bear the idea of leaving Mary in the wretched condition from which he had formerly rescued her. Elliot was most assiduous in his kindnesses. He not only never called for the rent—all of which Walter had spent in providing comforts for Mary during her illness—but advanced a large sum of money to stock the farm, which had fallen to decay since Willie's death. By this artful conduct, he not only entrapped his victims into a belief of his sincerity, but got them completely into his power. He now began to importune Mary about consenting to their union; but she determined, as long as she could make any effort for her father's support, she would never marry a man she could never love.

Mary had received a good education, and she now determined to turn it to some account. She went round the neighbouring farmers, and persuaded many of them to send their children to her for a few hours every day, offering to teach for a small remuneration. The old man was now become infirm, and being unable to work his farm, gave it up, except the small plot of ground before the door of the cottage. They were supported for a year by the products of Mary's little school, when a violent fever broke out among the children. They were all taken from her, and once more were these unfortunate people reduced to the brink of despair.

Elliot had been absent in a distant part of the country for some time, and, on his return, found affairs just in the situation suitable to his purposes. He called at the cottage—obtained an interview—represented the ruined state of her father's affairs—the ardour of his own passion—and finally mentioned the sum he had advanced during her illness, of which she had never been told previously. He told her he could turn them both out, at a minute's notice, to beg upon the highway. Mary entreated him to leave them unmolested for one week, and promised, at the expiration of that time, to consent, if she could devise no other means of relief. He consented, and the unfortunate girl, now left to herself, began to ponder on the difficulties of her situation. She must marry a man she detested, or, by her means, her poor old father would be turned out of his own house, without a morsel to eat, or a roof to shelter him. It would unquestionably kill him, and she would be the murderess of that more than parent, who had saved her from that very fate which she would bring on him. No, no; it must not be. She went straightway to her father, and signified to him her having consented to marry Elliot that day week.

Five days had now passed in sad expectations of the coming event; and on the evening of the sixth day, as Mary was reading aloud to her father, by the fire, a gentle tap was heard at the door. Mary ran, and opened it, thinking it was her destined husband, but started back in affright, when she saw a tall, thin, ghostly-looking figure standing before her.

"Mary!—dearest Mary!—don't you know your own Alick?" exclaimed the stranger.

She would never have known his face, but his well-

known voice struck her like magic. In a moment they were in each other's arms.

"My Alick!—my dear, dear, long-lost Alick!—and is it really you, alive and well?" exclaimed Mary. "But you are weak. Come, and see our father, and take some rest. Father, here is Alick, come back, as he promised, to be a comfort to you in your old days."

"And are you my Alick?" said the old man. "No, no! you are not like my handsome, blooming boy; but I suppose you too have met afflictions. If you are really my own boy, come to my arms, for I am too weak to rise."

Alick approached, and was pressed fondly to his father's breast.

"Yes, yes; you are indeed my son—I know you now. But why did they tell us you were dead, and why did you never write to us, my own boy?"

"Who told you I was dead?" exclaimed Alick. "Did I not write to you constantly, and did not you, Mary, get a letter from me last month, telling you I was coming home?"

"We never got one letter since you left us, Alick," said Mary; "and about a year after you set out, Mr. Elliot told he heard from a servant of my lord's that you were killed."

"Then he must be a villain," said Alick. "I sent all my letters along with Lord —'s despatches, enclosed to him, and he must have kept them. But, by heaven, he shall atone for this if he has deceived me."

"You little know," said his father "at what a merciful time you have come to us; but you are wearied, and must take some refreshment. and go to rest, and I shall tell you all to-morrow. But, gracious Providence! have you lost your arm, Alick?"

"I have, father, but it was lost in a good cause, and I can make good use of my left; but, I pray you, tell me this mysterious story now?"

"Mary," said the old man, "will tell it you, for I am very weak."

Mary related their whole history from the time of his departure, with all of which our readers are already acquainted. When she related the manner in which Elliot had extorted her consent to their union, his face was distorted with rage, and he uttered many solemn threats of vengeance. After taking some food, Alick retired to rest, and on the following morning he told his story to his father and sister; but as it was related with that true modesty which characterizes real valour, we shall briefly tell it for him, with more impartiality.

When he joined his regiment he was rejoiced to find it composed almost entirely of Irish, and commanded by Lord —, his father's landlord. Soon afterwards the brigade of which his regiment formed a part, was ordered to join a division of the army which lay encamped near —. During the march they were engaged in frequent skirmishes with the enemy, and even then Alick gave proof of that courage for which he was ever after distinguished. Not to trespass on the patience of our readers, suffice it to say that for a period of two years he distinguished himself in several engagements, and was at length wounded and taken prisoner, with several of his comrades. In about three months he was liberated in an exchange of prisoners, and on rejoining his regiment was made serjeant of the company to which he formerly belonged. A short time after the regiment was detached, with some others, to escort provisions, and on passing through a narrow defile, were suddenly attacked by a strong force of the enemy, which lay in wait for them. The commander formed his little band as well as the exigency would admit of, but Alick's regiment being in front, were almost cut to pieces; he himself fought with heroic courage; when, seeing the colour of his regiment in the hands of the enemy, he determined to rescue it or perish. He turned round to the soldiers near him, and pointed to the colour; it was enough; in a moment he was followed by a body of heroes into the thickest of the enemy—he pressed forward, making devastation wherever he went—struck to the ground the person who was bearing off the prize, and seizing it in his right hand, waved it over the heads of his comrades; the next moment a ball struck his arm,

and it fell powerless by his side—he seized the colour in the other, and still encouraging his men to a second charge, he fell to the ground from loss of blood. A reinforcement now came up, the enemy were repulsed, and Alick was carried off the field still grasping the rescued ensign; he was obliged to suffer amputation, and was confined to hospital for several months. On his recovery he was presented with a large sum of money as a present recompense for his wounds and services, and promised, on his landing in England, a comfortable pension for life. He repaired immediately to the sea coast, and there found Lord —, his former commander, waiting for a ship to embark for England; he had not seen Alick since his last glorious achievement, and he now paid him a very handsome compliment on his bravery, and promised, when they arrived in England, to procure him a pension from government without obliging him to present his own memorial.

Once landed on his native shore, Alick lost no time in hurrying to his home, anxious to find if the only ties which still bound him to earth were in existence. We are already acquainted with the sequel.

Alick had scarcely finished his story, when a little boy came running in to say that a gentleman had fallen from his horse and was killed on the road. Alick ran out, and saw a man apparently lifeless, lying at the foot of a precipice which bounded the road; he immediately descended, and with the assistance of the boy raised the unfortunate man from the ground and carried him to the house; they placed him on a bed, and Mary assisted her brother in washing the blood from his face; when this was done he showed some signs of life, when Mary immediately exclaimed, "Good God! it is Elliot!" It truly was this unhappy man, who on riding to claim her promise met this unhappy fate. Fear of death struck him with remorse, and he now made a confession of his crimes. He had written a letter to Alick immediately before the false account of his death, stating that he and Mary were married, in hopes of driving him to some rash act, (but this letter had never reached its destination,) and he acknowledged that he had detained all Alick's letters.

"Mary, do you forgive me?" faltered the dying man.

"I do," said Mary, "and may God also forgive you"—ere she had finished the sentence life was fled.

We must now come to a conclusion. Lord — visited his estates in a few days, and calling at the cottage, informed Alick he had procured him a comfortable pension. Learning the fate and villainy of his steward, he conferred the situation on Alick, and was himself present at his nuptials, which were celebrated in the village church a few days after his arrival.

Alick and Mary would never consent to leave the cottage, but built an addition to it, and made it more comfortable. The old man survived his happiness for some years and died of a good old age, after witnessing the birth of two grand children.

B. O'L.

## PRIDE AND VANITY.

Pride would too often content itself with collecting stores of knowledge, which would lie buried in the mind that possessed them, if the desire of applause, or at least of esteem, did not sometimes impel the man of genius to share its treasure with mankind; and a proper degree of vanity is useful in introducing talent into notice. Pride may be compared to the sun which ripens the plant in silence, vanity to the breeze which spreads its fragrance through the world.—*Chenevix on National Character.*

ERRATUM.—In our 35th number the index on the Map of the Niagara River is reversed. The fleur de lis, as it at present stands, points to the South.

## DUBLIN

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